

After Many Days
After Many Days.

Scene-- Reception Room at General Conference held at San Francisco May 30, 1940. Irene Sears seated at table, reading. (Lays aside her book and soliloquizes.)

Oh, dear, its five o'clock now and Dorothy ought to be here. I met her at the morning session and it did seem so good to see her after all these years. I told her to be sure and meet me here this evening so we could talk over the good times we had at W. W. A. when we were classmates in 1927.

(Enter Dorothy)

Dorothy--

Here I am, Irene, and I have a real surprise for you. I ran across Arthur Purdy after I left you, I should say Dr. Purdy, for they say he is a regular M. D. alright. Can you imagine it? After I met him I had a bright idea,-- I thought there might be some others of our classmates here at the conference, so I sent in an announcement that all students of the class of 1927 of Western Washington Academy were requested to meet in the reception room at five o'clock this evening.

Irene--

It's nearly five now, I wonder who will come? That was a lovely idea of yours.

Dorothy--

Imagine my fun of talking over old times and learning where even of the twenty students are who were in our class and to find out what each one of them is doing. Oh, I can hardly wait.

(Enter Arthur Purdy)

Irene--

Well Arthur, pardon me, I mean Dr. Purdy, (all smile) you look considerably older and wiser since I saw you last. Where have you been

all these years?

Arthur--

Well, after finishing my medical course I had a year of internship at the Washington Sanitarium. While there, I received such an incentive for foreign work, and although my prospects for private practice were very bright, yet I gladly answered the call to the Amazon region. There was a great need for a medical worker in that part of the country and if you girls could have followed me for just one day you might realize how busy I have been for the past four years that I have spent in that country. Pulling teeth, amputating infected toes, taping up broken ribs, and even fitting glasses all come in a day's work. And you would have had many a laugh could you have seen me trotting one of those papooses on my knee giving it soothing syrup and hot water to quiet it that we might treat its hand for a bad sting that had been neglected. But it is the doing of these little things that gains for us the confidence of the natives, for after we have attended to their physical needs, they are ready to listen to the story of the coming of Jesus, and His love for them. It is a wonderful work and I enjoy it immensely.

Irene--

Say, folks, I just received some letters, want to hear them? This letter is from Genevieve Bunch, and she inclosed Olive Hunt's letter to her.

Irene-- (Reads letters)

Portland Sanitarium,

April 20, 1940.

Dear friend Irene:

I am very sorry to keep you waiting for an answer to your last letter. But I know if you only understood what it meant to be Superintendent of Nurses in a large institution you would readily excuse me. So much for excuses. So you want to know where I have been keeping myself and what I have been doing. I was graduated from the Sanitarium in 19⁴0

and have been busy ever since. After traveling for a few months I finally located at the Portland Sanitarium. I have forty-six nurses and it is quite a task to keep their work outlines besides teaching three classes twice a week. I would be glad to hear from you and hear more of your work whenever you can write. Am inclosing a letter from Olive, I know you would like to know what she is doing.

Sincerely,

Genevieve.

Dear Genevieve:

Glancing through the Gleaner I noticed an account of your work at the Portland Sanitarium and I thought to revive the memory of old times I would like to hear from you.

After spending two years at Wash. Missionary College as English and Spanish teacher, I was transferred to the Inca Union Mission in South America where I have charge of a mission. It is a wonderful work and we have such experiences each day that bring us an opportunity to teach the natives of the truth and also to help their children in gaining a knowledge of how to care for themselves.

Let me hear from you. Be sure to write to me here at the mission as I am desirous of knowing all about you and your work.

Lovingly your old friend,

Olive.

Enter Mabel.

Irene--

Will surprises ever cease? Bless your heart. I'm so glad to see you. It seems years since I told you good-bye at Auburn.

(Dorothy and Arthur shake hands with Mabel and greet her.)

Mabel--And Dr. Purdy, well, well.

Arthur-- Seems to me the girls used to call you Dr. at school. I heard you were dietitian in one of our Sanitariums. You are sure looking fine. Where are you located?

Mabel--

Yes, I studied Dietetics for three years after you left Loma Linda and I am at our Sanitarium in Australia. I enjoy my work very much as it is a great help to the patients as well as the doctors and I fell that I can be of service to someone. Dorothy, what are you and Irene doing? Dorothy-- Irene is the registrar at the Atlantic Union College and I am teaching art at Broadview.

Mabel--

I just met ^{M. Altman} Rolland Rogers and Harold Jewkes a few minutes ago and I told them to come over and see who would be here. Harold went after some letters he just received from some of the boys. He thought we might enjoy hearing from them. Harold's hair was nearly white and now wonder -- you know he is teaching science at Union College, at College View, I suppose all young folks are alike and just think of the grief we caused our teachers in the physics and geometry classes. But at the time I thought I was having more grief than anyone else. (all laugh)
(Enter Rolland and Harold)

~~Rolland~~ ^{Milton}--

Hello everybody. (shakes hands all around) How like old times this is? Are we late? (looking at watch)

Dorothy--The announcement said "Five O'clock."

~~Rolland~~ ^{Milton}-- Wasn't it five-thirty. I'm sure that's what it was, Dorothy.

Dorothy-- No I'm sure it was five o'clock sharp for I put in the announcement myself.

Harold-- (Very droll)--Now, now ^{Milton} ~~Rolland~~ still inclined to argue, I see, even with the girls. The years haven't changed you any in that respect. But we are glad you are here (clapping him on the back) no matter if you are late. Say, old boy, tell me what ever possessed you to take up

Business? I hear you are making a wonderful success of your work this year. Imagine my surprise when I saw the Walla Walla College calendar a couple of years ago and read "Business Manager, ~~Rolland Rogers~~ ^{Max Altman}."

(Mabel moves near stand and takes pad and starts writing)

~~Rolland~~ Rolland--

It does sound impossible, doesn't it? Well it seemed that I just went first to one thing and then to another for a few years and at last I found my work. It is a very interesting line although it keeps me busy the year round.

Irene--

Busy? There's so many students at Walla Walla that you must be busy if you argue with each one of them as much as you used to at school at Auburn.

~~Rolland~~ Rolland-- Harold, speaking of classmates, I received letters from Charles Warnell and Kenneth Somers just before I left for the Conference. Would you folks like to hear them?

All together--

Yes, Sure etc. (Some answer one thing and some another)

Argentine, South America.

April 5, 1940

Dear ~~Rolland~~ ^{Mutter}:

I am sure you think that I have forgotten you but certainly I have not. It seems but a short time since we were boys together at W. W. A. My work here at the school is very interesting as I have charge of the Woodworking department and am also preceptor. I have sixty-two boys to care for and they are lively ones too, I can tell you. Of this number, twenty-three are taking wood-work. At present we are building a cottage for the Science department. The boys are doing very well. I simply cannot tell you how much I enjoy this work. The Lord has permitted me to gain the confidence of these young men and our prayer bands are well

attended and all take an active part.

I wish I might see you again but that seems out of the question at present as I can see no end to the work to be done here. This summer I expect to visit the homes of the people and interest others in our system of education. Extend my greetings to any of our classmates from W. W. A. and tell them that I am of good courage and expect to stay in the service of the Master until the end. Write me all the news when you can.

As ever your old friend,

Charles Warnell.

Hamburg, Germany,

April 2, 1940.

Dear Old Pal:

Well ^{Milton} Rolland, old boy, I would much rather sit down and talk to you tonight than to write, but the miles are many between us so this letter will have to suffice. As I sit here, I am thinking of our school days at W. W. A. Those were wonderful days, ^{Milton} Rolland, but we boys did not half appreciate our opportunities. I have heard from a few of the boys and how often I wish that one of you were here to help me in this field. You know I always wanted to be an M. D. and I fully intended to be, but after I finished school I was asked to take charge of the book work in Europe and although to accept meant for me to give up my hope of ever being a medical man, yet I had always promised the Lord that I would follow His leading and it really seemed that He was calling me to this field. After earnest prayer for guidance, I accepted the call and I have never been sorry for that decision. I have been thankful so many times for those wonderful experiences that I had while canvassing in Idaho. They have helped me in many hard places. Right now, I am preparing for an institute which will begin the middle of next month. I expect several

nationalities to be present so we have to speak through an interpreter. I must close and get busy and will expect to hear from you after you return from Conference.

Your true friend,

Kenneth Somers.

Mabel-- I wish I had brought the class letter with me. I received it sometime ago and there was quite a bit of news in it. While you folks have been talking I have jotted down a few facts about some of our absent members who have not been accounted for in our conversation. I'll read what I can remember about them.

John Peterson is preceptor and Bible teacher at Granger Academy. His wife teaches English and Expression. They are both well liked and are enjoying their work.

Ferne Horsman is the History teacher at Walla Walla College.

Harold-- To be a foreign missionary is still her goal so I suppose that this conference will determine her future.

Dorothy-- She mentioned in her last letter that she wanted to be a missionary to Switzerland. She surely is just as lively as ever.

(Mabel reads)

Archie Bentz is just as staunch a Christian as ever and is Dean of Theology at Pacific Union College.

Arthur-- I heard he was married and has a nice family, two boys and ^a girl.

Harold-- Yes, he is and they are all true blue like their father.

Reads notes.

Donald Hardeastle is Home Missionary Secretary of the Upper Columbia Conference. He is a very fine evangelist. Good success follows his labors.

Glenna ~~and~~ her husband are doing Medical Missionary work among the Indians along the Amazon River.

Dorothy-- Yes, I have heard some wonderful reports of their work. They have established a large training school.

Earl Nelson is superintendent of one of the industrial department at P. U. C.

Irene-- Guess Earl is kept busy for we seldom hear from him.

(Reading)

~~Edith~~ ~~Edith~~ finished his course at Iowa Linda and is in private practice in a rural district in Canada.

Harold-- His missionary reports show that he is doing more than caring for the physical needs of the people in that part of the country.

Harold Rudolph went into the ministry and had good success for several years but has lately taken up the work of teaching at Wash. Missionary College, Tacoma Park. They say he has Africa as his goal and I would not wonder but that he might receive the call at this conference.

Dorothy-- I hear that he is also a splendid Bible Instructor.

Harold-- Oh, our valiant one, Christine Frederickson, is the wife of a normal school in Chicago. It is a new school I understand from what I heard about six months ago. It is a stone building and has a wonderful ~~ful~~ ~~ful~~ connected with it. They are regular father and mother to the place I guess. They love the work, you remember Christine always wanted to be a normal teacher. She is working as a teacher of Mathematics to put a child they adopted through school.

Dorothy-- Sounds like Christine, doesn't it? She was always so unselfish.

Arthur-- Marguerite Cox is now at Emmanuel Missionary College,

Irene-- Her husband is principal there. She taught for several years but is having a vacation now. She is as happy as can be. as she is kept busy with entertaining. She is quite an accomplished pianist and dramatist. She takes great delight in arranging entertainments for the students. She was good at that when she was at W. W. A.

Label-- Remember that Saturday night telephone call.

Dorothy-- I never can ~~forget~~ ^{forget} it. And the Old mother Cox and her two daughters taking up carpenter work.

BELL RINGS OUTSIDE. There goes the supper bell. Let's go and see if we

can get a table together and we can finish this visit while we eat.

Different students remark (That will be fine. Let's go. etc.)